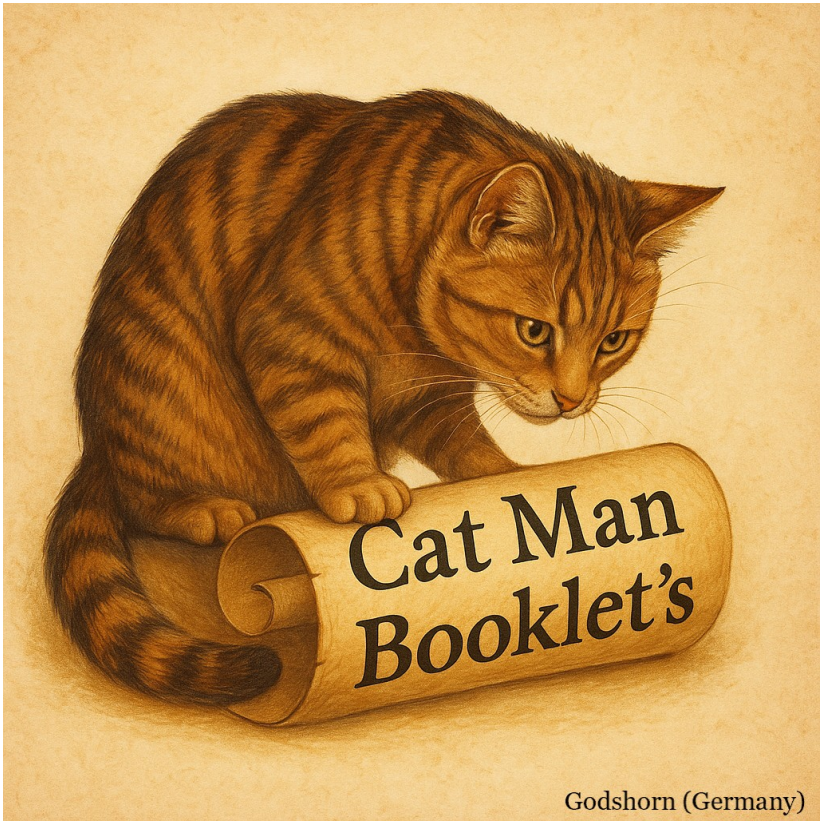
Thoughts of an Old Cat

Cat Man (Booklet's)

Thoughts of an Old Cat

Quiet observations about a long life

at the side of another person



Introduction

There comes a moment in a cat's life when the world no longer asks for speed, but for attention. For quiet observations and small truths that only reveal themselves after many seasons. An old she-cat carries such thoughts within her like smooth stones, polished by the river of time.

This booklet gathers some of these inner voices. Not grand stories, but gentle insights—about closeness and distance, about rituals, about light and shadow, about the humans who accompany us, and the warmth of familiar places. These are thoughts not meant to explain, but to share. Thoughts that, in their own way, show how rich a quieter life can be.

Perhaps your own cat appears somewhere in these reflections.
Perhaps a small part of your own heart as well.

For sometimes it is the silence of an old she-cat that shows us what truly remains.

The Morning I Became Slower

I remember clearly the first time I felt that I had grown older. It was an early, quiet morning, when everything looked as familiar as ever—yet felt just a little different. I stood up the way I always had, but my legs needed one extra breath to steady themselves. No pain, no worry. Just a soft, quiet *"It's time."*

Once, I would leap onto the windowsill in a single bound. That morning, I chose the chair on the way up. It didn't bother me. In fact, I sat there for a moment and noticed how the light moved across the floor. Maybe it had always been that beautiful, and I had simply never taken the time to see it.

When I finally reached the window, I realized the world hadn't become smaller—only calmer. I heard my own breathing, a steady, muted sound, and it felt good. A dust mote spun lazily in a beam of sunlight. I watched it without knowing why. Sometimes a tiny dance in the air is enough to carry an entire thought.

My human joined me and placed a hand gently on my back, as if sensing that something had changed. I purred —not loudly, but deeply. It was no longer the sound of youthful joy, but of a quiet agreement with the moment.

I don't know how many mornings like this still lie ahead. But this one taught me that slower doesn't mean worse— it just means different.

My Window Spot and the Wandering Shadows

My window spot used to be just a good vantage point. Today it feels more like a little cosmos of its own. I sit there every day, usually in the late morning, when the sun casts a slanted light across the floor. That's when the shadows begin their quiet play, and I can hardly get enough of watching them. It's astonishing how much a room can change just because a branch outside sways in the wind.

The place itself is nothing special: an old blanket, a soft cushion with a few loose threads. But to me, it's where time runs more evenly. I look outside and see the same street, the same bushes, the same people—and yet it is never the same day. The world out there seems to move forward slowly, almost imperceptibly, and I move along with it.

Sometimes the shadows slip across my paws, and I no longer play with them the way I once did. I simply watch. There is comfort in being present without needing to interfere. Perhaps that is one of age's small lessons: learning that simply observing has value of its own.

My favorite moment is when a bird lands briefly in the tree. Once, I would have tensed instantly, ready to spring. Now I just lift my head and follow its movements. I admire how effortlessly it takes off again.
A little rustle, a beat of wings, and it's gone—and I remain, not disappointed, but content knowing that not everything is meant for me.

When my human walks past, he sometimes brushes my fur lightly. Not a grand gesture—just a quiet greeting. And in those moments I realize that this window spot is not just a place, but a calm meeting point between what has been and what is still to come.

On the Art of Reading Humans

Humans often believe that we cats are difficult to understand. But really, it's the other way around. They reveal far more than they realize. You only have to live with them long enough to notice their little signs.

A soft inhale before they speak.
A quick glance to the side when something weighs on them.
The way they close a door when they're tired.
All of this tells more than their words ever do.

It took me many years to recognize the finer differences. At first, I thought every voice sounded equally friendly. Today I can hear instantly whether my human is truly relaxed or simply pretending. It's a quiet art, and you don't learn it through practice, but through closeness.

Sometimes I sit beside him without expecting anything. Then I feel the warmth of his arm when he touches me unconsciously, or the hesitation when he wrestles with something he doesn't say aloud. In those moments, I like to lean a little more against him. It's my way of saying: *I noticed. You don't have to explain.*

Humans often underestimate how carefully we listen—not to their words, which are like the rustling leaves outside, but to what lies between them. When my human comes home and something in his step is different, I know immediately. A heavy day smells different from a light one. He moves differently. Even his silence sounds different.

Over time, I learned that it's not about grand gestures. It's enough simply to be there. The art of reading humans doesn't mean seeing through them. It means accompanying them without intruding. And sometimes a single shared glance is enough to say more than many words ever could.

The Memory of a Friend Who Moved On

Some encounters cling to your fur long after the years have passed. My friend was one of those. One day he simply came along into our home, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. A young tom back then—full of edges and angles, a bit too loud, a bit too curious—and that's precisely why I liked him from the first moment. He brought a restlessness that somehow suited my quieter nature.

We spent long afternoons at the same window, without doing much together. He was never one to sit still, yet sometimes he settled beside me, wrapped his tail neatly around his paws, and pretended patience was his invention. I pretended to believe him. That was our kind of friendship: two different temperaments sharing the same silence.

Over time, his restlessness softened into a gentle rumble. You could see he was aging, even if he resisted the idea. One day he stayed outside longer than usual. Not unusual for him—he loved following scents only he could sense. But that evening he didn't return. Nor the next.

My human searched for him, called for him, sat on the steps and waited. I sat beside him, quietly. I knew he had moved on—not out of coldness or forgetfulness, but because some paths are meant for only one cat to walk.

I never held it against him that he left without farewell. He would never have found a fitting one. He was not a cat of grand gestures or solemn endings.

Sometimes, when the wind shifts a certain way, I imagine I can smell him. A hint of adventure mixed with something I could never name before: freedom. It is not a sad thought. More like a friendly nod into the distance.

Friends don't truly disappear. They simply change the place where you meet them.

Why Silence Is Not Empty

There are hours when the house is so quiet you might think it has been forgotten. In the past, such silence would have made me restless. Now I simply sit and let it pass over me. I've learned that silence isn't empty. It's only quiet—and within that quiet, there is more than you first notice.

When no footsteps echo in the hallway and no spoon clinks in the kitchen, the small sounds begin their performance. The soft creak of wood. A faint pull at the door when the wind outside changes direction.
My own breathing, which I usually overlook. None of these things are new. You just hear them only when nothing loud drowns them out.

I like to lie in my spot and listen. Silence is like a room that only opens when you become calm enough to enter it. Sometimes I think we cats accept it more easily than humans. Perhaps because we've always paid attention to what doesn't immediately stand out.

In that silence, my thoughts settle.
Memories drift by without insisting on anything. Some stay only for a moment, others sit beside me as if keeping me company. It's a gentle coming and going. Nothing pushes, nothing hurries.

When my human comes home later and the door makes its small familiar sound, it feels like a warm point settling into the quiet. I lift my head—not surprised, but pleased.

And for a moment, two kinds of calm mix together—his and mine.

Silence is not the absence of something. It is its own kind of place. A place where you rediscover what gets lost in the noise of the day.

How Spring Still Tingles in Me

Spring has its own way of coaxing me out of my quiet. Not as intensely as it once did—when every bird call made me jump to my paws—but still enough to stir something inside me.

It usually begins with a certain scent I can barely describe. A mixture of soil, light, and something that smells like beginnings. When that aroma drifts through the tilted window, I lift my head without thinking.

The light changes, too. It becomes clearer, almost bold at times. It settles on my fur like a friendly hand saying, *"Come on, you've still got a little in you."*
Then I stretch—slowly, thoroughly—and feel my old bones crack but cooperate.

The birds outside seem louder in spring. Maybe they really are. Or maybe it's simply me listening more closely. I watch their busy movements, the puffing of feathers, the calls. In the past I would have calculated how close I might get to them. Now I simply enjoy the show.

My human likes to open the window a little wider in spring. Then a cool draft sweeps in, smelling of damp wood and fresh grass. I breathe it in and feel surprisingly alive for a moment. One is never too old to be delighted by a scent.

When I lie down again, a trace of that spring remains in me. A small, warm tingle whispering that the world keeps turning—and that it is a joy to still be part of it.

The Small Rituals of Old Age

With the years, rituals gather on their own. I never thought much of them when I was young, but now they give my days a pleasant structure. It begins with stretching one paw before I even open my eyes in the morning. Not out of vanity—just to check how supple I feel. Then I roll slowly out of my basket, as if I had all the time in the world.

I always take the same path through the apartment. Not because it's the shortest, but because it's familiar. At the kitchen door I pause, sniff the air, and decide whether to continue or linger for another moment. This tiny pause has become as natural to me as breathing.

My midday nap always happens in the same place—on the wide cushion by the window. When the sun falls just right, I lie down, close my eyes, and listen to the house. Some days the light isn't quite right or the wind feels too strong. Then I choose another spot, but it never feels quite the same.

Evenings have their habits too. I sit beside my human—not to demand attention, but simply to be there. When he reaches out a hand, I touch it briefly with my forehead. A small sign that everything is fine. Then I find my sleeping place for the night, usually one of the same two or three spots.

People say cats make spontaneous decisions. That's true—but we also cling to what brings us peace.

These rituals may seem unremarkable to the outside world. But to me, they are like anchors holding the day together. They remind me that familiarity is not a sign of boredom, but of peace.

An Encounter on the Garden Fence

It happened on a mild evening, when the light had already softened but hadn't quite disappeared. I had ventured outside—farther than usual—and found myself beside the old garden fence. It creaks a little when you climb onto it, as if complaining, but it holds firm. I didn't jump like I used to; instead, I pulled myself up with my front paws, step by step. Reaching the top felt like a small victory.

That's where I met her. A young cat, barely a year old, with bright eyes and a wary look that quickly softened. She was already sitting on the fence, as if she had been waiting for someone like me to come by. We said nothing, as cats do. A single glance is often enough to decide whether to stay or go.

I stayed.
She stayed too.

She smelled of adventure—of meadow, of dust, of a day filled with movement. I likely smelled of home and calm. She leaned forward to sniff me cautiously, as if testing whether older cats can be trusted. I answered with a slow blink, and that seemed to be enough.

We sat together for a while, side by side, with no expectations. She didn't tell me where she had been, and I didn't tell her where I came from. Still, there was an understanding, a thin thread stretched between us. Maybe it was the shared pleasure of that soft evening light.

At some point, she heard a sound only she could recognize, jumped lightly from the fence, and disappeared into the hedges—not hurried, more like she was carried by the wind. I watched her until her tail vanished into the green.

I sat there a moment longer. The fence felt a little emptier now, but pleasantly warm under my paws. And as I walked back toward the house, I thought that encounters don't need to last long to leave something behind. Some are like a brief greeting to the world: fleeting, friendly, just right.

What a Good Place Means

A good place is more than just a spot to lie down. I didn't truly understand that until I grew older. When I was young, any place that was warm or soft was enough. Now I look for something different. I look for places that hold me. Places that make me feel I belong there, even when nothing special is happening.

My favorite place has changed over the years. As a young cat, it was the highest point in the room. I wanted to see everything, keep watch over it all. Now I'm drawn to the quiet, unobtrusive corners—where you can hear the house breathing and the world outside fades into a soft backdrop.

A good place has the right temperature. Not too warm, not too cool—just exactly what my body finds comfortable. Sometimes it's a spot in the sunlight, sometimes in the shade. What matters is that it doesn't push me. Good places don't demand anything. They simply exist.

There are also places that remind you of someone. The chair where my human sits in the evening. The rug where we used to play. The corner by the window where I often met my old friend. When I lie there, it feels as if the memories are lying there with me.

And then there are places meant only for a moment. A stripe of sunlight moving across the floor for ten minutes. A breath of spring air slipping through the door.

Spots that appear and disappear. They are good places too—if you're there at the right time.

What does a good place mean?
Perhaps simply this: a place where nothing needs explaining.
A place that says, *"Stay, as long as it feels right."*

Thoughts on Time

Time is a strange thing. As a young cat, I hardly noticed it. A day was just a day, full of sounds, possibilities, and sudden impulses. I ran into it as if there were no tomorrow. Now time feels different. Not shorter, not longer—just softer.
It wraps around me like a calm cloak, accompanying me without urging me forward.

I once believed time was something to catch: a moment, a scent, a movement. Now I know it cannot be caught. It moves on whether you chase it or not. And yet it leaves traces—in our bones, in our fur, in the memories we carry like small pebbles tucked away inside us.

I feel time most clearly in my pauses. They've grown longer, more deliberate. When I sit down now, I stay still for a moment before continuing. Not out of exhaustion, but because I've learned to give attention to the spaces in between. The world continues even when I am simply being.

My human sometimes says I have changed. I think he means it lovingly. He strokes my back a little slower than before, and I can feel how much he wants to hold on to time. But he doesn't need to. Time is not an enemy—not to me. It is more like a quiet companion, teaching me what truly matters.

Some days I look back and wonder where all the years have gone. They haven't vanished. They sit inside me—in every scar, in every long look out the window, in every warm evening spent on the rug. Time takes much, but it gives something too: clarity, calm, a kind of knowing I didn't have before.

When I close my eyes now and listen to the sounds of the house, I don't think about what is gone. I think about how rich each moment has become. Maybe that is the greatest gift of growing older: realizing that time isn't running to carry us away, but to show us what remains.

On Waiting

Waiting meant little to me when I was young. I was impatient, always wanting to know immediately what lay behind the next door or what scent drifted down the hallway. Over the years, that changed.
Waiting is no longer bothersome. It has become part of my day—a quiet space where nothing is demanded of me.

I wait for the morning light as it slowly moves across the floor.
I wait for my human when he is gone longer than usual.
I wait for the small sounds the house makes as it settles into rest.

This waiting does not feel like standing still.
It feels more like a soft rhythm of breathing in and out.

Patience doesn't come overnight. It grows with each day you realize the world won't run away just because you pause for a moment. When I sit at the window now and let time drift past me, I don't feel left behind. I feel connected to everything that's happening—even if it happens without haste.

My human sometimes smiles when he sees how calm I've become.
Maybe because he recognizes in my waiting something he himself is missing.
And when he finally walks through the door, that waiting is not an empty gap—it's a quiet proof that some arrivals become beautiful only through patience.

The Sound of a Familiar Name

It's strange how differently a name can sound. My human says it often, but never in the same way. Sometimes it's bright and light, as if he wants to show me something amusing. Sometimes it's warm and deep, when he's happy to see me. And sometimes it's very soft, as if he needs my presence more than usual.

I don't recognize my name by the letters—they mean nothing to me. I recognize it by the tone, by the feeling behind it. I can hear whether I am truly meant or if it's just an absent-minded murmur. A familiar name is like a small thread stretched between two beings. The more it is used, the stronger it becomes.

There are moments when I pretend not to hear it. Not out of stubbornness, but because I sense my human is simply checking on me without wanting anything. Then I answer with a blink or a slight twitch of my ears. And sometimes I go to him right away—especially when his voice carries a fragile softness, a sign that something weighs on him.

When he calls my name at night, quietly and almost tired, I usually walk to him. I lie down beside him because I know that sound says more than words ever could. A name can carry many things: worry, affection, joy, hope. And I've learned to hear them all.

Nights That Feel a Little Longer

Nights feel different to me now.
When I was young, darkness was a promise. I moved through the rooms, tested every shadow, listened with sharpened ears. Now the nights have grown longer—not in hours, but in feeling. They unfold more softly, more deeply, and with a kind of quiet that stretches out around me.

I wake more often. Not out of restlessness, but because my body grants me small pauses. Then I lie there and sense either my human's breathing or the gentle stillness that settles over us like a thin veil. The darkness holds nothing threatening. It feels more like an old companion sitting beside me saying, *"Let's stay awake a little longer, shall we?"*

Sometimes I walk quietly down the hallway and hear the wood creak, as if it's wishing me a good evening. I sit in my favorite spot and look into the darkness. There is hardly any movement out there—and I like that. It's as if the whole world takes a long breath, and I'm allowed to be part of it.

When I return to bed, I curl a little closer to my human.
The night is not a place of loneliness.
It is a space where closeness becomes clearer because everything else is silent.

And when morning finally comes back, I feel as though I've kept something precious—
a still, secret piece of time that belongs only to us.

The Right Amount of Closeness

Closeness is something you only truly understand with age. When I was younger, I wanted it instantly—without thinking—rubbing against a leg, jumping onto the sofa, pressing myself into every moment. Now I sense more clearly when closeness feels right…and when a bit of space is kinder.

I like sitting next to my human, but not always right against him.
A small gap can feel just right—like an open window both of us can breathe through.
And when I sense he truly needs me, I move closer, slowly, until my shoulder touches his hand. I say nothing. Closeness doesn't need words.

There are moments, too, when I step back.
Not out of rejection, but because quietness is its own kind of gift.
I've learned that affection isn't always found in being pressed together.
Sometimes it's found in giving each other room.

The right amount of closeness isn't fixed.
It is a feeling that shifts from day to day.
And perhaps the real art lies in knowing when to lean in—and when simply being there is enough.

The Scent of a Rainy Day

Rain has a scent all its own—one I've always liked. It's heavier than the smell of spring, but somehow more honest. When the first drop hits the windowsill, I instinctively open my nose a little wider, as if I could learn the day from the inside out.

Rain smells like earth taking a deep breath.
Like grass softening, even from indoors.
And sometimes like the faint metal of the gutter, forgotten until summer returns.
This scent quiets something in me, as if it were whispering, *"Today, you don't have to go anywhere."*

On rainy days I move more slowly. Not out of laziness—but because the world outside feels cushioned, like a room filled with pillows. The sounds change too.
Footsteps become softer, more deliberate.
And when my human comes home, he carries a trace of outside with him—a mixture of damp fabric, cool air, and something I know only as *homecoming*.

Sometimes I lie at the window and watch the droplets race each other down the glass. I will never understand why it soothes me.
Perhaps because rain proves that not everything needs to be bright and clear to be beautiful.

A rainy day smells like a pause—
and I accept it gladly.

Things I No Longer Chase

There are things I once chased without hesitation.
A fluttering leaf sliding across the hallway.
A glimmer of light dancing on the wall.
A shadow that might have been a mouse—or might not.
Now I simply watch such things pass by without moving from my spot.

Not because I can't chase them anymore.
But because I no longer need to.

The world is full of motion, but not every movement demands a response. Some things are meant to drift past like polite visitors—you greet them, but you don't get up.
A rolling ball? Nice enough, but not for me.
A twitching shoelace? A memory of younger days, nothing more.
The red dot from my human's toy?
Let the young ones chase that now.

What I do still chase are different things.
A sunbeam stretching across the carpet, inviting me to lie down.
A familiar scent telling me my human will be home soon.
A memory slipping by and warming me for a moment.
These are the hunts of old age—quiet, invisible, yet no less satisfying.

And if a leaf blows through the door and lands right at my paws, I might give it a small tap.
Not to catch it.
Just to reassure myself that I still can.

When My Human Speaks More Softly

There are moments when my human sounds different. His voice becomes gentler, quieter, as if he were setting down the weight of a long day. Then I immediately sense that something in him is searching for calm. Humans have their own way of becoming silent—and it is often louder than they realize.

When he speaks softly like that, I lift my head and listen. Not to the words themselves, but to what lies underneath.
A slight break in his voice,
a slower breath,
a tiny hesitation—
these tell me far more than a whole sentence ever could.

Sometimes I walk over to him then, sit beside his leg, and lean against him just a little.
Not firmly—just enough so he knows: *I'm here.*

There are evenings when he says my name almost in a whisper.
I don't answer with a sound; I answer with a look.
Humans sometimes need only the feeling of not being alone.
And I've learned that in these quiet moments, it's important not to overdo anything. No big gestures, no loud purring. Just presence.

When his voice grows steady again, I know it helped.
Not because I did something special,
but because sometimes closeness alone is enough
to heal a day.

The Warmth of an Old Favorite Spot

There are places that change over the years, yet somehow remain familiar.
My favorite spot is one of those. It has taken many forms:
a cardboard box far too small,
a chair that was eventually replaced,
a cushion that has long since lost its shape.
But each time I settle there, it feels as though the place remembers me.

The warmth is never exactly the same—and I like that.
Sometimes it's the sun heating the fabric.
On other days it's the nearness of my human.
And sometimes it's just the warmth of my own body slowly sinking into the cushion, as if to say:
"Yes, this is where I belong."

I've spent many hours in this spot—across all seasons and moods. It has held me on bright days and on those when I preferred to close my eyes and keep the world at a distance.
The warmth of this place has no demands.
It expects nothing.
It simply exists.

The older I grow, the more this steadiness matters.
There is comfort in knowing there is a place that accepts me as I am—slow, tired, watchful, or thoughtful. And when I lie there, I don't just feel the warmth of the cushion.
I feel the warmth of all the hours I've spent there.

A favorite spot isn't defined by its shape—
but by the time you share with it.

A Day I Haven't Forgotten

Many days blend into one another, especially as you grow older.
But some stand out without any clear reason.
One of those was an ordinary afternoon—nothing unusual happened, and perhaps that's why it stayed with me.

The sunlight filled the room gently, neither too bright nor too dim. My human sat down on the floor, just like that, without any particular purpose. He spread out an old cloth, and I sat on it as though I had been waiting for exactly that moment. He stroked me for a long time—longer than usual—without hurry, without distraction. Every movement was calm and sure, as if he knew precisely what I needed.

I remember his scent,
the steady warmth of his hand,
and the quiet breathing that filled the room.
It was one of those rare moments when nothing stood between us.
No interruptions, no tasks, no noises from outside.
Just him and me, wrapped in a silence that wasn't empty.

At some point, I rested my head on his arm.
Not because I was tired,
but because it felt right.
He didn't say anything, and I didn't need any words either.
Some bonds only reveal themselves when you give them time to unfold.

By evening, everything was back to normal.
But that one afternoon remained in me—
warm, round, like a smooth stone you enjoy carrying in your pocket.

An unremarkable day—
and therefore unforgettable.

What Remains

Growing old means losing certain things:
speed, unrestrained curiosity, the impulse to chase every sound.
But at the same time, you gain something you never noticed before—
a quiet center, perhaps,
or a sense of what truly matters.

What remains are not the many paths I walked
or the jumps I once managed so easily.
What remains are the moments in which I felt seen—
by my human,
by the morning light,
by the gentle sound of a familiar room.

What remains are the small things that thread themselves softly through the years:
the warmth of my favorite spot,
the calm evenings when the house and I breathed in the same rhythm,
the fleeting encounters that still left traces,
and all the silent moments in which I knew:
This is my life, and it is good.

What remains is a kind of peace.
Not perfect, but real.
A feeling that says:
I was here.
I loved, I watched, I accompanied.
And the world gave me enough space to be myself.

Maybe that is all one needs.
Not more, not less.
Just a warm knowing that rests within me until the very last day.

For your notes

For your notes

For your notes

Cat Man (Booklet's)